

WOODSTOCK, N.B., DECEMBER 12TH, 1919

IN ODD ALLIANCE

Old Bull Gnu, Driven From Herd, Found Other Companions.

Wart-Hog and Outcast Ostrich Allowed to Travel With Deposed King—Old Bachelors Henceforth, All of Them.

There was some trouble out in the place of the sun on the bare plain, and the dust was rising in clouds. T. St. Maris writes in London Answers. A single vulture hung over the scene, as if expecting profit from the inspection, and a little black-backed jackal, prick eared and doglike, was watching attentively from an unsuspected hole under a wait-a-bit thorn.

Presently forms began to loom up among the dust as the cloud itself began to move. Beasts, extraordinary, strange and odd beasts, with shaggy heads and curved horns, like buffaloes, long, horselike tails, and sturdy but graceful, somewhat antelope-like bodies, began to loom up indistinctly.

One heavy, massive, very shaggy beast was fighting with the rest. But always the heavy, shaggy fellow, whose very massiveness spelt age, gave back slowly on the whole, though often master in the single contests. He could not fight the whole herd, and that, in fact, was what he was being asked to do then. In other words, a piece of wild justice was taking place, which is to say that, because of his "crustiness," jealousy, lack of chivalry, or for some other, or all these reasons, that old shaggy brute was being kicked out of the herd.

As they drew nearer, one saw that they were blue gnus, which are bit-headed gnus, which are bearded gnus, which are wild beasts, and devilish wild beasts, too. If you did not know they were antelope, you would have said they were buffalo, musk ox, horse and antelope mixed in one beast. The result, anyway, was a queer customer.

At last the old bull gnu—perhaps he had been lord of the herd till then—acknowledged defeat, and, realizing that he could not do the impossible, cleared himself cleverly from a terrible mixup among three other bulls, and set off at a gallop alone.

Then at length he remembered that it was sundown, and time for all good wild beasts to take the evening drink, and he walked to one of those well-worn paths which all his kind make toward water, and slowly plodded his heavy way to the river.

It was not a great distance, to and out among the shattered clumps of thorny acacias, and he was not alone, for as he drew into the river he met many herds of antelopes and of zebra, going to or coming from the water.

Coming up the bank behind a herd of gaudy zebra, he was the first to sight, over a ridge not far off, the two great, tawny, heavy, giant dog forms, seen and gone in an instant, dead ahead. They were lions, and his instant, loud warning snorts said so, and drew the zebra's attention to the danger, so that they broke away, and stampeded thunderously in the opposite direction. And again it was he, galloping clumsily with them, who shied suddenly at a clump of acacia and began zigzagging and swerving wildly in and out at top speed, snorting madly, so that the zebra scattered, and the lioness that had been told off from her companions to lie in wait for the stampeded herds, could only come out and growl her disappointment at them.

That night he kept with the zebra, feeding with them wherever they went, and they did not drive him off. Perhaps they realized that as a senior he was an asset. And next day an old wart-hog, as ugly as sin, came and struck up acquaintance with him, and later a cock ostrich—all, perhaps, old, bad-tempered outcasts.

Anyway, when the day dawned they were still together, and the zebra had gone, and, for all I know, they are together to this day, surely as strange an alliance as ever faced the battle of life—bird, pig and antelope—old bachelors all.

A World's Record.
What is said to be the world's record production of marketable potatoes on one acre—49,531 pounds, or \$25 bushels—has been made on an acre of land near Kanab, in the southwestern section of Utah, a few miles from the Arizona state line. The record yield was made in response to a competition fostered by the Mormon church, and the church authorities drew a check for \$1,000 payable to a representative of Kanab ward of the Kanab stake of the church, which is responsible for the production. This yield is certified to by more than 50 farmers.

Extracting Salt From Ocean.
Experiments in Norway with a view to extracting salt from ocean water by means of electricity have been successful, and two salt factories will be started for this purpose in the near future. In recent years it has been difficult to get salt from abroad and sometimes it has been impossible to salt down the fish. The new salt works should greatly improve the situation.

How They Did It.
"Say, Ezekiel," said Samantha Punk-fynne as she looked up from the paper, "how do you reckon them soldiers kept their dugouts from caving in?"
"Why, Samantha, I certainly am surprised at your ignorance of military affairs. They cemented 'em with this here trench mortar."

Fur Vests.
Some of the new velvet suits show vests of fur, of the shorter sorts, like squirrel or beaver, that button or fasten tight up under the chin.

SILK AND WOOL CREPE SMOCK



Hand-dyed silk and wool crepe was used by the weavers for this robin's egg green smock. It is embroidered in green, blue and rose hand-dyed wool.

NEW MATERIALS FOR SPRING

Calico Patterns in Indestructible Voile Regarded Foremost Among the Novelty Goods.

That the use of silk will probably continue to hold its place is evident from the fact that both the gingham and the calico print patterns are being copied in silk, states a writer in the New York Herald. Some of the novelty silks are simply fascinating. One called dove-kiss is a rough wavy silk with a great deal of shimmer, and is carried out in blended shades very strikingly. One combination is blue and gold color and is very successful. To be poetic, it looks very much like sunset on rippling blue water. Kumsu curusa is another good-looking fabric, slightly heavier than the one previously spoken of, and very much on the same order.

A madras crepe plaid features the patterns which we usually associate with gingham and does it in a most interesting way. For sheer novelty, however, calico patterns in indestructible voile must be mentioned as first and foremost. The idea is decidedly quaint and the patterns are still more so—little knots of rose-colored flowers on gray backgrounds and other designs dear to the hearts of our grandmothers. These fabrics will all find a place in the wardrobe being planned for the South, for while sport clothes hold first place there are other occasions when what might be known as the afternoon frock for country wear is an absolute necessity.

As to the subject of colors the most brilliant shades will be reserved for sport and the subdued shades to which several seasons have accustomed us will prevail for other occasions.

Of course white, which was creeping back into favor last season, will still be popular and deservedly, as it makes such a brilliant background for a touch of vivid color.

USE OF FRINGE ON A FROCK

Charming Border Treatment Is Easily Produced, Affording Most Clever Arrangement.

It took some one of a decidedly unconventional turn of mind to put fringe on a frock and not use it fringed, says a correspondent. The result was very decidedly to the good, and the means surprisingly simple.

You see the effect was that of large fluffy silky shells, and they made the most charming border treatment ever. The fringe was treated this way:

Lengths sufficiently long to make generous spirals were cut and applied in spiral fashion with widely separated "invisible" stitches along the border of the fringe, which, of course, was perfectly plain, neither knotted nor twisted. After that each strand of the fringe was looped, or turned under itself and the end stitched securely to preserve the loop. Thus you see the effect was a soft spiral of loops. Chenille fringe would be delightful to work with this way, and perhaps a bit easier than the mere "string" kind. Nor is there any artistic reason for not using two colors of fringe, delphin blue, for instance, and black, placed alternately.

SOME LATE STYLE HINTS

It is said the very latest New York fad is dresses of sateen. They bid fair to be even more popular than were the calico ones of last summer.

Monkey hair hats, though quite the thing in Paris, are said to be unbecoming to many women, especially to those with very light or gray hair.

Brown, in a soft, dull tone, is a strong rival of black for evening frocks. There is hardly an evening frock, however, but that shows at least a touch of black.

A smart new style is the slip-on blouse with apron front, adorned with darning little pockets and wrist-length bishop sleeves set into large armholes. A narrow sash girdle holds the blouse in about the waist.

Fur Vests.
Some of the new velvet suits show vests of fur, of the shorter sorts, like squirrel or beaver, that button or fasten tight up under the chin.

CAT GAVE HIM IDEA

Where Eli Whitney Got Principle of Cotton Gin.

Tabby's Reaching for Chick Just Beyond Her Reach Furnished Inspiration for Machine Which Has Accomplished So Much.

We learn from history that Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin, but people who are interested in the great cotton industry of the southwest will probably be surprised to learn that a cat first demonstrated the principle upon which the cotton gin was founded. Anyone who has seen an Imperial valley or Salt River valley cotton gin in action will understand that this story is entirely plausible.

Before Eli Whitney got into the public eye he went down the street one afternoon to lean on the garden fence and chat with his sweetheart a while. During the course of their visit she called his attention to a brood of fluffy chickens in a slat coop near the house.

While they were admiring the chicks, along came the house cat, hungry for fresh meat. Tabby reached in to claw a chick out of the coop, but as she did so the old mother hen pecked at her. That caused the cat to make a sweeping swipe at one of the chicks, with her claws exposed. She did not get the chick, but she withdrew her paw with a bunch of fluff clinging to her claws.

Whitney witnessed the incident, and the idea struck him quite forcibly. Turning to his sweetheart he said: "At last I have a plan for separating cotton from the seed. What we need is a machine that will act like the cat's paw. The cat struck at the chicken and removed its feathers. I want a machine that will strike at the cotton and remove it from the thing to which it is fastened."

So he invented a machine which had a multitude of fine teeth revolving rapidly on a cylinder, and when the cotton was fed through it the teeth tore all the cotton from the seed in much the same way as the cat's claws stripped the fluff from the baby chick.

The machine designed by Whitney which has been such a blessing to humanity was practically as successful at the outset as it is today. It performed the work that was cut out for it, and nothing better has been invented since that time. With slight changes the cotton gin of today is the cotton gin that Eli Whitney realized in his brain the moment he saw the cat swipe the chicken. The cat had been carrying the secret of the cotton gin around in one of her paws for centuries, and it only required a close observer to discover that fact.

Return of the Caravan.

The caravan is the oldest institution known in transportation. By caravans the merchandise of the most ancient Asian and African countries was exchanged in prehistoric times. By caravans Egyptians of the twentieth century still travel between the Nile valley and the Barbary states, crossing the desert of Sahara upon swaying camels, resting at oases and braving sandstorms, wearing the costumes and practicing the customs of 7,000 years ago. During the war that now is being waged, the war that has brought back into use the steel helmet and introduced the steel hammer as a war club, camels and caravans have been employed in Asia Minor and North Africa. Now the motor caravan promises to become institutional and important as a factor in the freight problem of the United States.

Plucked Comrade From Death.

Among the many men of the sea who had close calls in the fight with the terrible storms of early December was Eddker H. Robertson, chief quartermaster of the U. S. S. Smith. In the midst of one of the wildest gales felt along the coast in many years, Robertson was endeavoring to clear a jam in the steering gear. At the time the sea was at its roughest and the vessel rolling at a 55 degree angle. Suddenly she gave a sudden lurch and Robertson was thrown into the sea. Like an oldtime sailor he at once put up a fight with sea and gale. The battle was too strong and he became exhausted. Then it came his way to be a part of a thrilling rescue. Chief Cook Marcia jumped overboard after the man and after a struggle with the weakened man got a line about him and they were both hauled aboard.

Foolish Vision of Utopia.

When the peace of Spain was signed in 1604 the English royal proclamations announced that wars between nations were ended and that it would not be longer necessary to collect money for the support of an army and navy of defense. How quaint sounds today this extract from the court of King James I: "Under our gracious Solomon, a prince of wisdom and peace, we are united in a league of amity with all nations. Wars among civilized peoples are no longer possible. World peace is assured. This alteration of times makes that fit now, which in times of hostility might have seemed unfit."

An Exception.

"Talk breeds discussion," said the deep thinker.

"Not necessarily," replied Mr. Glitthensby. "For instance, gather about you a group of patriotic American citizens and start to give the Kaiser 'Hell Columbia.' You won't hear a single dissenting voice."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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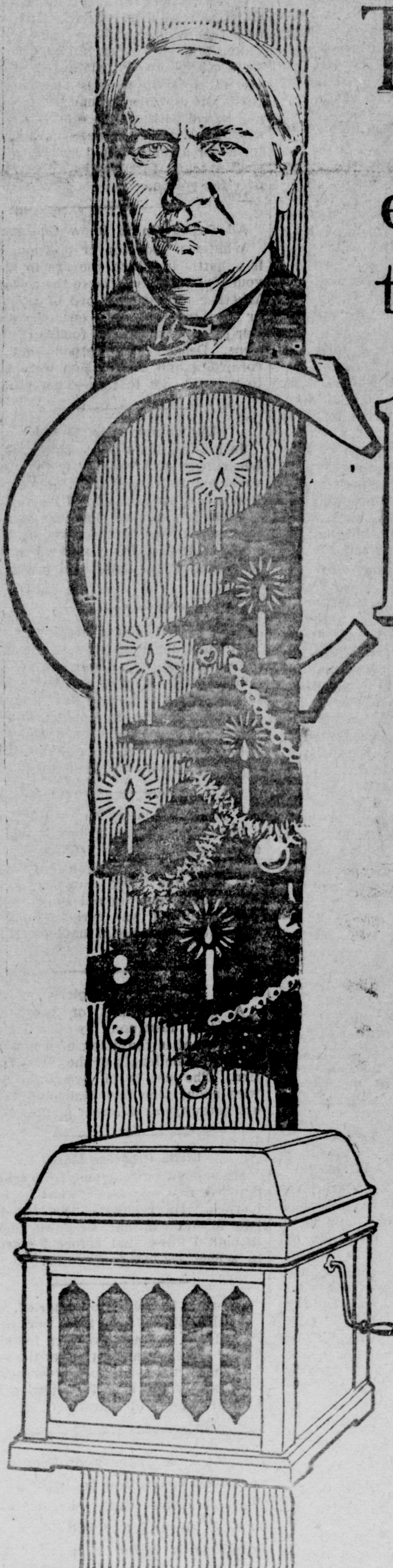
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ADVERTISE IN THE SENTINEL



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